

CHARIVARIA.

The Daily News, in its remarks on the Australians' first match, said:—"It will be seen that, whereas Notts scored at the rate of a run a minute, the Australians beat that pace by 104 runs . . . They have already convinced everyone of their greatness as a batting side." They have indeed! 105 runs a minute!

Pity the poor rich! The Budget has placed some of them in a pretty quandary. Those who have in the past contributed to Charities will be able to economise in that direction and so make both ends meet; but the others, it is feared, will be put to serious inconvenience.

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has stated that medical men will not be entitled to a rebate of duty paid on the petrol used in their cars. The idea, we believe, is that they will be more than compensated by the number of persons who will get ill from financial worry brought on by the Budget.

The Outfitter has been criticising Sir LUKE FILDES' portrait of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE. "The free abandon of his linen collar will in all probability convey much to the thoughtful student of character," says our contemporary, "while the lack of finish about the cuffs may be regarded as equally suggestive." Boys, of course, will be boys, and bird's-nesting was always bad for the clothes.

The following notice, *The Daily Chronicle* tells us, has been posted in the window of a Dover public-house:—

INCREASED TAXATION
BY
LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.
DEARER BREAD!

IN CONSEQUENCE OF ABOVE THE PRICES OF
SPIRITS ARE RAISED.

This reminds one of the classic conversation between two British Workmen:—"Had any breakfast, Bill?" "Not a drop!"

To the credit of the Cabinet not a single Member forced his way into the Church and shouted, "No Votes for Women!" while Miss GERTRUDE BROOK,

a well-known Suffragette, was being married.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello* has been performed in Yiddish in the East End, and it is rumoured that the same company is to give an interesting version of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which *Shylock* will be a Gentile, and all the other characters Jews and Jewesses.

To judge by the terms of an advertisement of the Earl's Court Exhibition, it is not only the English people who take their pleasures sadly. Under the heading, "America's most Up-to-date

to an undoubted hardship under which all convicted murderers labour. Unlike other prisoners they are prevented from accepting Music Hall engagements at the expiration of their sentences.

A speed of over seventy-eight miles an hour was recently attained, and maintained for seventy-one miles, by a homing pigeon residing at Preston. This is interesting as showing how the advent of flying machines is evidently putting birds on their mettle.

A deputation from the Cigar Manufacturers' Federation pointed out to Mr.

LLOYD-GEORGE, last week, that it would be necessary to change the sizes of cigars to meet the new duty, and that "fresh moulds would have to be prepared." This strikes us as being a somewhat callous confession, though we had long imagined that moulds of various kinds entered into the composition of some brands we have struck.

Singers, we know, tend to become stout, but to announce the arrival of a popular diva under the heading, "Operatic Cargo," was an ungallant action on the part of *The Daily News*.

It is not, we believe, generally known that our convicts are now clothed in khaki. This, we take it, is one more sign of the humane treatment which is now the vogue for criminals, as, when the prisoners escape, the khaki of course renders them invisible to the warders.



THE NEW MEASURE.

Barmaid, "HALF-PINT O' ALE?"

Labourer, "No -CAW'N'T BUX TO IT. GIMME A 'ALF LLOYD-GEORGE."

Amusements," we find "The Deluge" and "The San Francisco Earthquake."

At Heidelberg they have discovered a skeleton of a creature who was undoubtedly "the missing link" between a gorilla and a human being. To the great annoyance of the inhabitants it is to be known as "Homo Heidelbergiensis."

The rewards distributed in connection with the Tottenham anarchist outrage included the sum of one pound to a lady who threw a potato at one of the miscreants. But is it politic, we would ask, to encourage the public to supply fugitives from justice with food?

A correspondent draws our attention

Extract from a letter addressed by Lord RUSSELL to *The Times* on the subject of the Petrol Tax:

"The difference between us is that he is willing to sink his principles because of some bribe of a central road fund that is dangled before us, the details of which are of the shadowiest character, while I am not."

A man of substance, evidently.

Two consecutive advertisements from *The Globe*:

"BULTER (single), now in London, wants quiet place.

"JOB BULTER wanted at once."

If only they could both have been butlers there might have been a deal.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

[The Daily Chronicle has some encouraging remarks for those among its readers who are suffering from imbecility. Our contemporary recalls that LOCKHART wrote of SOUTHEY: "After his mind failed, his hair, previously snow-white, thickened, curled and became perceptibly darker."]

I KNEW her in her palmy days;
No woman I have ever met
Had more of wit and charming ways
Than she—at five-and-forty nett;
Time, it is true, had left his trace
On hair already white and waning,
Yet she preserved a youthful grace
I found extremely entertaining.

At dinner-parties (where, I hold,
One's object is to eat and drink)
I like a neighbour not too old,
Who doesn't want to make you think;
But when with her I used to dine
My appetite was gladly wasted;
Her sparkling wit was all my wine,
Her talk the only food I tasted.

I took her in the other night.
Lord! what a falling-off was there!
Her conversation, once so light,
Was heavier stuff than I could bear;
And while she babbled (tedious bore!)
About her Sex and Votes for Women,
I fed till I could feed no more,
And nearly drank enough to swim in.

Nor was this all. Another change
The rolling years had ushered in:
Something about her hair was strange,
Her hair that once was grey and thin;
Its ample curls, its coppery tone,
Looked almost like a fresh creation;
I hardly knew it for her own,
So curious was the transformation.

Later I saw why this was so.
I thought of one, with mind unhinged,
And how his scant hair, white as snow,
Curled up in masses, darkly tinged;
These altered locks, this lapse of wit—
I saw exactly what the change meant:
Her mental balance—that was it—
Had undergone a rude derangement. O. S.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT in *The Pall Mall Gazette* denounces Mr. A. B. WALKLEY and Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER as "the two most dangerous enemies of dramatic progress in the Press to-day." It is pleasant, however, to think that they manage things better in the provinces. Thus we note that the dramatic critic of *The Manchester Guardian* applauds Mr. MASEFIELD, the author of *Nan*, because "he neither gives simple people strings of nubbly polysyllables to mouth, nor the bastard semi-metrical stuff in which half our dramatists, in scenes of attempted emotion, ape the dithering whine of fiddlestrings that usually supports them on such occasions."

"If the working man bought a shillingworth of twist he paid 10½d. in taxes and got 1½d. worth of tobacco, but if the rich man bought an eighteenpenny cigar he only paid 1½d. in taxes and got 10½d. worth of tobacco."—*Daily Dispatch*.

The remaining 6d. being for the sash?

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, do you like talking to Major Ransom?
Papa. Yes, certainly. Very intelligent man, the Major, and a capital talker.

L. A. But, Papa, he didn't talk much at lunch to-day, did he?

Papa. Didn't he? Why, I thought—

L. A. No, Papa. You told him all about your round of golf on Saturday, and the only time he spoke was when you said what hard lines it was for you to have got into the bunker near the fifth hole, and Major Ransom said, "I've heard a lot of 'em say that," and then you told him the story all over again, and you said it was much harder on you than it ever had been on anybody else, and Major Ransom said, "Ah, I dare say," and then you went on to tell him how badly they kept the greens, and you'd written to the Secretary about it. I thought it was very interesting indeed.

Papa. Did you now? Well, that's a comfort anyhow.

L. A. I'm so pleased you think so, Papa; I like to feel I'm helping you. But, Papa!

Papa. Well?

L. A. You said just now you liked talking to Major Ransom.

Papa. Yes. What of it?

L. A. Did you mean you were glad when you talked to him?

Papa. Glad? Yes, of course I was glad to talk to him, or I shouldn't have done it.

L. A. Then, Papa, do you only do things you're glad to do? Don't you sometimes have to do things you're not glad to do? I have to, you know.

Papa. Oh, you're a little boy.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I know I am. But yesterday you said you'd be hanged if you ever wanted to set eyes on old Mrs. Gaynor again, and in the evening you and Mamma went and dined at her house. You weren't glad to do that, were you, Papa?

Papa. Now look here, Arthur, you've no earthly business to listen to such things. We won't talk about Mrs. Gaynor. Let's get back to Major Ransom.

L. A. Yes, Papa, let's. I was going to say you didn't look very glad when you talked to him.

Papa. Didn't I?

L. A. No, Papa, you didn't. You kept on getting quite angry about what you'd done in playing golf, and you said some terrible things about the bunker and the Secretary. I began to think you didn't like golf.

Papa. Oh, come, come, that's perfect nonsense. I may have been a little vexed, you know—any man might have been if he'd had my infamous luck; but as to not liking it—why, there's nothing in the world I'm more interested in.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I thought that was it; and when you are interested in things you talk about them, don't you?

Papa. Naturally.

L. A. And you don't talk about things you're not interested in, do you?

Papa. That's right enough.

L. A. Then, Papa, I suppose you're not interested in your business.

Papa. What on earth put that notion into your head? Of course I'm interested in my business.

L. A. Well, Papa, you said you didn't talk about things you weren't interested in, and you never will talk about your business. When Mamma asked you something about it the other day, you said if there was one thing you hated more

THE
SHIP
RESTAURANT

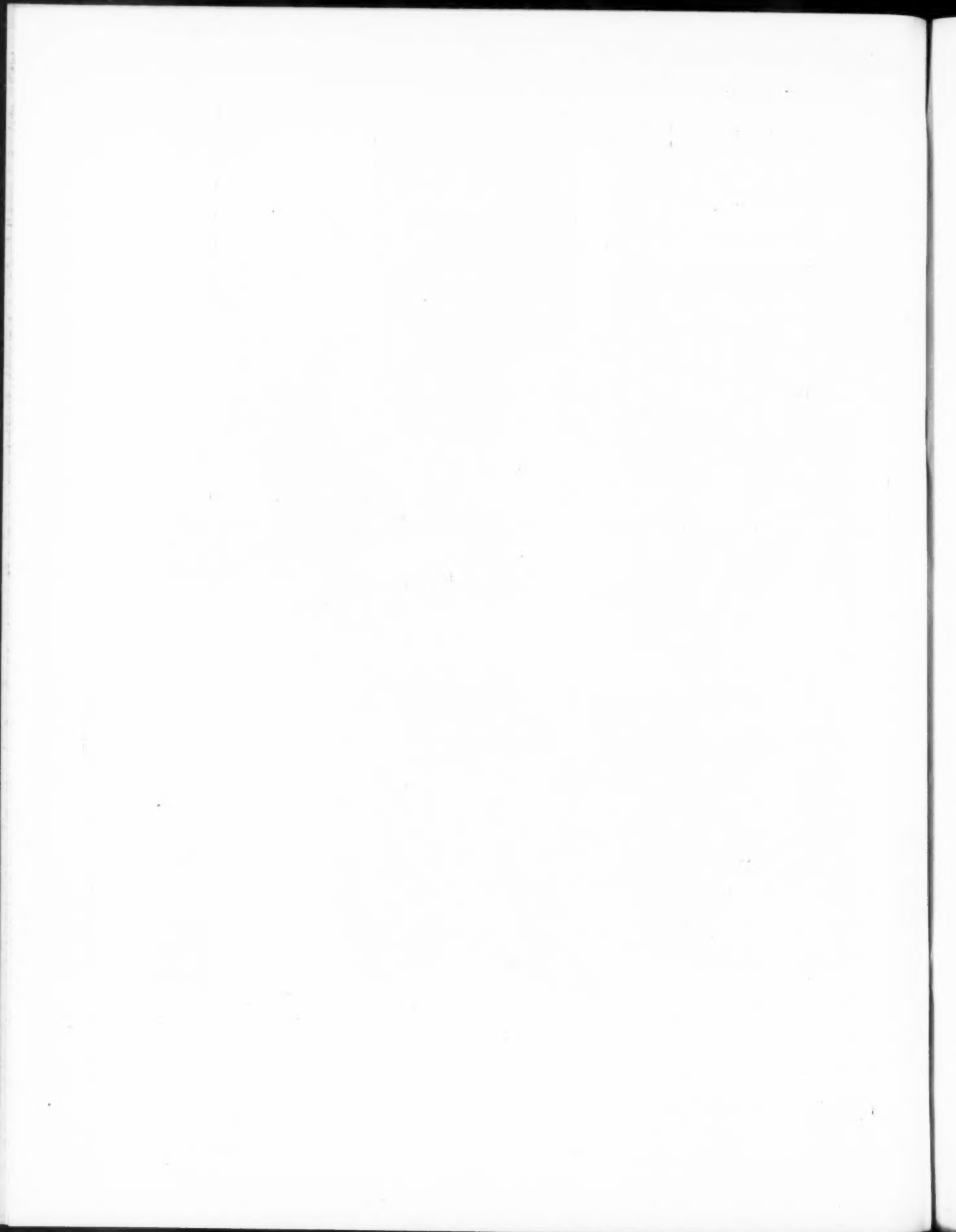


ANON! ANON!

JOHN BULL (*weary with waiting*). "NOW THEN, WAITER, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE MY ORDER AT ONCE."

REGINALD. "YFSSIR. COMMUNICATIONS ARE ALREADY PASSING BETWEEN ME AND THE KITCHEN, AND SOMETHING'S BOUND TO COME OF IT, SOONER OR LATER."

[From an answer given in the House, it appears that the gun-mountings which Mr. McKenna promised, eight weeks earlier, to order at once had not actually been ordered. Meanwhile, however, he had not been idle, or allowed the matter to escape his memory.]





Butcher. "WHICH O' THEY TWO BITS O' PORK WILL 'EE 'AVE, MY DEAR?"

Little Girl. "I THINK I'D BETTER HAVE A PATTERN OF EACH."

than another it was talking shop. You seemed to be a little vexed about that, Papa.

Papa. Oh, did I? Well, you'll understand some day that when a man spends his day on his business he doesn't want to talk about it afterwards.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose so. But when you've been playing golf all day, you always talk about it in the evening. Isn't that talking shop, Papa?

Papa. No, it isn't.

L. A. I see, Papa; but it's a little difficult at first. Because you're interested in golf and you talk about it, and you're interested in your business and you won't talk about it.

Papa (aside). This boy will drive me mad. (To little Arthur) Can't you see that it's *pleasanter* to talk about some things than about others?

L. A. Yes, Papa; but it doesn't always *seem* pleasant for you to talk about golf, you know.

Papa. Now just you understand once for all, I won't have you speaking about golf in that way—

L. A. But, Papa—

Papa. You've got to realise that sport and games are one of the best means—ah—um—that, in fact, they've made Englishmen what they are.

L. A. But, Papa, you don't want us to be what we are. You think we ought to be quite different.

Papa. I never said anything of the kind.

L. A. Oh, yes, I think you did, Papa. You told Uncle John yesterday that unless Englishmen changed altogether

and took a more serious view of life the Germans and the Americans would beat them in everything. Didn't you say that, Papa?

Papa. And if I did it's got nothing to do with what we're talking about.

L. A. No, Papa; but if it's true oughtn't we to try to do the things that have made the Germans and the Americans what they are? Oughtn't we to try to be like them?

Papa. A nice prospect—beer drinking and dollar-grubbing. I see I shall have to take your patriotism in hand, my boy.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I should like you to do that, because I really *do* want to learn things. But, about the Germans and the Americans, Papa—

Papa. I've had enough of this. You run off and practise your music.

The Duke's "Duchess."

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications addressed to Mr. Punch on the subject of the price asked for the great Holbein should not contain any of the following conundrums:—

(1) How far towards the moon would the loaves of bread reach that could be purchased for £72,000?

(2) How long would £72,000 keep one of the unemployed and his family in comparative comfort?

(3) How many British working men would the sum of £72,000 provide with a pound a week for a period of one week?

A LITERARY LIGHT.

ANNESLEY BUPP was born one of the Bupps of Hampshire—the Fighting Bupps, as they were called. A sudden death in the family left him destitute at the early age of thirty, and he decided to take seriously to journalism for a living. That was eight years ago. He is now a member of the Authors' Club; a popular after-dinner speaker in reply to the toast of Literature; and one of the best-paid writers in Fleet Street. *Who's Who* tells the world that he has a flat at Knightsbridge and a cottage on the river. If you ask him to what he owes his success he will assure you, with the conscious modesty of all great men, that he has been lucky; pressed further, that Hard Work and Method have been his watchwords. But to the young aspirant he adds that of course if you have it in you it is bound to come out.

I.

When Annesley started journalism he realised at once that it was necessary for him to specialise in some subject. Of such subjects two occurred to him—"George Herbert" and "Trams." For a time he hesitated, and it was only the sudden publication of a brief but authoritative life of the poet which led him finally to the study of one of the least explored of our transit systems. Meanwhile he had to support himself. For this purpose he bought a roll-top desk, a type-writer, and an almanac; he placed the almanac on top of the desk, seated himself at the type-writer, and began.

It was the month of February; the almanac told him that it wanted a week to Shrove Tuesday. In four days he had written as many articles, entitled respectively *Shrovetide Customs*, *The Pancake*, *Lenten Observances*, and *Tuesdays Known to Fame*. The *Pancake*, giving as it did the context of every reference in literature to pancakes, was the most scholarly of the four; the Tuesday article, which hazarded the opinion that Rome may at least have been begun on a Tuesday, the most daring. But all of them were published.

This early success showed Annesley the possibilities of the topical article; it led him also to construct a revised calendar for his own use. In the "Bupp Almanac" the events of the day were put back a fortnight; so that, if the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude fell upon the 17th, Annesley's attention was called to it upon the 3rd, and upon the 3rd he surveyed the *Famous Partnerships* of the epoch. Similarly, *The Origin of Lord Mayor's Day* was put in hand on October 26th.

He did not, however, only glorify the past; current events claimed their meed

of copy. In the days of his dependence Annesley had travelled, so that he could well provide the local colour for such sketches as *Kimberley as I Knew It* (1901) and *Birmingham by Moonlight* (1903). His *Recollections of St. Peter's at Rome* were hazy, yet sufficient to furnish an article with that title at the time of the Coronation. But I must confess that *Dashes for the Pole* came entirely from his invaluable *Encyclopædia*

II.

Annesley Bupp had devoted himself to literature for two years before his first article on trams was written. This was called *Voltage*, was highly technical, and convinced every editor to whom it was sent (and by whom it was returned) that the author knew his subject thoroughly. So when he followed it up with *How to be a Tram Conductor*, he had the satisfaction not only of seeing it in print within a week, but of reading an editorial reference to himself as "the noted expert on our overhead system." Two other articles in the same paper—*Some Curious Tram Accidents* and *Tram or Bus: Which?*—established his position.

Once recognised as the authority on trams, Bupp was never at a loss for a subject. In the first place there were certain articles, such as *Tramways in 1904*, *Progress of Tramway Construction in the Past Year*, *Tramway Inventions of the Last Twelvemonth*, and *The Tram: Its Future in 1905*, which flowed annually from his pen. From time to time there would arise the occasion for the topical article on trams—*Trams as Army Transports* and *How our Trams fared during the Recent Snow*, to give two obvious examples. And always there was a market for such staple articles as *Trams in Fiction*

III.

You will understand, then, that by the end of 1906 Annesley Bupp had a reputation; to be exact, he had two reputations. In Fleet Street he was known as a writer upon whom a sub-editor could depend; a furnisher of what got to be called "Buppy"—matter which is paid at a slightly higher rate than ordinary copy, because the length and quality of it never vary. Outside Fleet Street he was regarded simply as a literary light; Annesley Bupp, the fellow whose name you saw in every paper; an accepted author.

It was not surprising, therefore, that at the beginning of 1907 public opinion forced Annesley into newer fields of literature. It demanded from him, among other things, a weekly review of current fiction entitled *Fireside Friends*. He wrote this with extraordinary fluency; a few words of introduction, followed by a large fragment of the book before

him, pasted beneath the line, "Take this, for instance." An opinion of any kind he rarely ventured; an adverse opinion, like a good friend, never.

About this time, he was commissioned to write three paragraphs each day for an evening paper. The first of them always began: "Mr. ASQUITH's admission in the House of Commons yesterday that he had never done so and so is not without parallel. In 1746 the elder PITT" The second always began: "Mention of the elder PITT recalls the fact that" The third always began: "It may not be generally known"

Until he began to write these paragraphs Annesley Bupp had no definite political views.

IV.

Annesley Bupp is now (May 1909) at the zenith of his fame. The "Buppy" of old days he still writes occasionally, but he no longer signs it in full. A modest "A. B." in the corner, supposed by the ignorant to stand for "ARTHUR BALFOUR," is the only evidence of the author. (I say "the only evidence," for he has had, like all great men, his countless imitators.) Trams also he deserted with the publication of his great work on the subject—*Tramiana*. But as a writer on Literature and Old London he has a European reputation, and his recent book, *In the Track of Shakespeare: A Record of a Visit to Stratford-on-Avon*, created no little stir.

He is in great request at public dinners, where his speech in reply to the toast of Literature is eagerly attended.

He contributes to every symposium in the popular magazines.

It is all the more to be regretted that his autobiography, *The Last of the Bupps*, is to be published posthumously.

A. A. M.

Liberal Education.

At a recent meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation at St. James's Hall a lady remarked that "it was their duty not to threaten the Government, but to educate." Subsequently another lady exclaimed, in reply to a question: "The answer is N—O, no." (*Loud cheers*.)

We think the second lady did well to show her friends that her education at least had not been neglected, and we are glad to see that the audience generously recognised the fact. Many people can say "No," but not everyone can spell it.

Clean Cricket.

"In carrying his bath right through the innings on Thursday for 125 A. O. Jones has made a brilliant start."—*Irish Field*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

WE have always manfully upheld the cause of British art and British artists. But there are moments when our patriotism is sadly shaken. The foreigner is not only finely equipped, but he possesses certain extraneous advantages. In particular he uses our language so much more effectively than we do. In his hands "the thing becomes a trumpet"—his own trumpet, whence he blows strains like the seraphs' in their burning rows.

This is not a mere general statement. It is prompted by an official document, forwarded by a correspondent, setting forth the triumphs of Professor MARIO LORENZI, a young Florentine harp virtuoso. The youthful genius made his mark early. He was only twelve when he gained the gold medal at the Royal Musical Institute. According to the pamphlet:—

"The clever boy so much applauded in so many Concerts won the gold medal with the highest vow; 10 on 10. Our congratulations to the little virtuous..."

A year later further honors fell to him.

"Florence (Nazione) July 1908.

"Wednesday 8 in our Musical Institut the boy of fourteen Mario Lorenzi obtained, with splendid examens, with full vows, the Diploma of Magystère of Harp.

"This is the first time that a pupil of our Musical Institut obtain a Diploma of Magystère at the age of 14 years."

After these academic triumphs the young "virtuous" proceeded to the conquest of Rome:—

"Rome (Illustrazione di Roma) January 1909.

"...at the noble modesty, at the audacious dignity of the fourteen Professor Lorenzi who does not precede with trumpet of *réclame*, he copies all hystorical impossibility of Thomson abhorring whatever meanness quickish..."

"...In many Concerts we see the young harpist with anxiety voluptuous of conqueror, to obtain the apogee of agility; the rapid lightning passings on, of his celestial instrument, fresh under his magical fingers, and the elegant wonderful musicalness, ascend to Heaven, gently, charming as a caress of an angel..."

On his return to Florence "it is absolutely impossible to say the enthusiasm that the valorous boy suscited in the execution of different pieces." The critic of the *Patria* (Prato) also admits the failure of human speech, but boldly attempts the impossible:—

"...Here we are before one of those phenomena, for which nothing is sufficient enough to say. A delicate boy of fourteen who owns already the secret to take away with the touch of his little hand, from a very difficult instrument the solemn and mysterious word of Art... who is the master of his instrument and impose on it with simplicity as a child, but with sove-



Attendant. "THE SECOND BREAKFAST IS BEING SERVED NOW, SIR."
Cabin Passenger. "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHY, I HAVEN'T HAD MY FIRST YET!"

reign's surety his own will, and he subject it to his soul..."

Parma was perhaps less unbridled in its enthusiasm than Rome, but its tribute is not without its orthographical significance:—

"...Mario Lorenzi very young indeed, displayed his very difficult Programme by serious artist, very old in art. The tecnyc he possess exact as correct he is in the style which he translates. The touch he has, is full of expression without abandoning studied manners. He surmount with cleverness the oclaves so difficult, the tremulous and trills with handsome execution of light and shand.

"At last the absolute mastery command that he shows to posses of the instrument make positively to forget that we find before us to a person phisically so small. He is an artist who speaks and moves our heart, and deight our spirit..."

"Navy perambulator, nearly new."

North Wilts Herald.

The very thing for Reggie!

"The other day at the meeting of the Presbytery of Hamilton, attention was called to the fact that a 'church member and communicant' had desecrated the sabbath by motoring several miles to church, although he had places of worship close at hand . . . Twenty years ago such an irregularity would have been severely censured."—*Truth*.

It would certainly have been a matter for comment—twenty years ago, before the motor deluge.

London has recently been honoured by a visit from the distinguished composer WIDOR. We gather, however, from the notices of his concert that he is a serious musician and not a Merry Widor.

"UNIONISTS SEARCH FOR A CANDIDATE
A GENTLEMAN IN VIEW."

Exeter Express.

This is good hearing, but probably the strain of calling the other man a liar and a traitor will tell in the end.

IN CHAMBERS.

AN ACTION FOR LIBEL.

LIBEL is the opinion you express of someone else when, driven at last by righteous indignation to abandon conventional falsehood, you speak out your mind with fearless honesty. Libel is also the opinion someone else expresses of you when, maddened by wicked jealousy of your glaring merits, he abandons all sense of truth, decency and honour, and gives full play to the vile range of his distorted imagination.

Your dearest friend brings the ghastly production to your notice, and blind with fury you hurry off to your Solicitor. The Solicitor, in a state of unimpassioned but well-feigned disgust at the vileness of humanity, hurries off with you to Counsel's chambers. Counsel, secretly inclined to agree and sympathise with the other side, makes a note of all the circumstances, informs you that he has no doubt that he will see you properly avenged, and wonders whether we ever are going to have fine weather again. Being too much upset to address yourself properly to this subject, you take your leave, and thereupon a Young Man emerges from the background and sets about drawing your Statement of Claim.

A Statement of Claim is a brief but accurate narration of the facts (be the law what it may) by the Plaintiff. The Statement of Defence is a brief but accurate narration of the facts (be the law what it may) by the Defendant. The odd thing about these two documents is that they never agree upon any point, except that the Plaintiff is a grocer, and that the Defendant *does* carry on business at No. 9,999, Strand.

In order to get damages for a libellous attack, it is not unimportant to show that it is libellous. As it generally is not, it is the business of the Young Man to make it so, and his explanation of what the double-faced brute meant by his apparently innocent statement is called the Innuendo. Jones and Smith, for instance, are trade competitors, and, as Smith's custom is getting better than Jones's, Jones is determined to have the law of Smith for libel. Wondering what sort of a fellow Smith really is, the Young Man starts in on the Statement of Claim, gets the prefatory facts stated as soon as possible, writes down the words that were actually used, and then sets about the pleasant task of innuendoing. The material paragraph will run as follows:—

"The said Smith falsely and maliciously, wantonly and cruelly, and at

the instigation of the devil, wrote of the said Jones:—

'SMITH'S BUTTER IS THE BEST BUTTER,' meaning thereby" (and now for it!) "that Jones's butter is not so good as Smith's butter; that Jones's butter is no butter but margarine, and the worst known kind of margarine at that. That the butter of the said Jones is not good enough even to be margarine. That the said butter is made from the scrapings of the gutter and by means of sweated labour. That the butter of the said Jones is vile, poisonous and execrable. That the said Jones knows that his said butter is vile, poisonous and execrable, and revels in the thought. That the said Jones has on divers occasions endeavoured to make his butter

Counsel's Young Man's Innuendo unmoved, jots a Statement of Defence down on the back of an envelope. The Statement of Defence, which means nothing in itself, but may be said to mean anything convenient at the trial, runs thus:—

"1. The said Smith does not admit that he is the said Smith.

2. The said Smith does not sell butter.

3. The said Smith does not advertise the butter which the said Smith does not sell.

4. The advertisement, whereby the said Smith does not advertise the butter which the said Smith does not sell, does not bear the alleged defamatory or any meaning.

5. The said Smith's butter is the best butter."



TAKING A SPECIALIST'S OPINION.

Enquirer. "I SAY, MATE, 'OO IS THIS 'ERE 'OLBINE?"

worse, but has found the same impossible. That the said Jones, by selling the said butter, is cheating the poor, robbing the widow and orphan, and wilfully exterminating the human race. That the said Jones is a blackguard, a liar, and an abominable cad. That the said Jones has been twice divorced and has served a term of penal servitude for forging his father's signature. That the said Jones has obtained the vast inheritance which he now squanders in profligate living by the poisoning of his elder brother, whom he did by guile induce to consume a portion of the said abominable, filthy, and loathsome (alleged) butter."

You would have thought that Smith's Counsel would have been reduced to silence by that, but not a bit of it. If he has a Young Man on the premises, the Young Man does it, but if not the other Counsel himself, reading Jones's

After that, of course, there is nothing more to be said, so the pleadings are closed and the case eventually comes on for trial. Eminent Silk for the Plaintiff Jones leaves no doubt in the mind of the lay audience of the sweetness and purity of Jones's character and butter, and of the indescribable filth of Smith's nature and margarine. Eminent Silk for the Defendant Smith convinces them that Jones is an unprincipled villain (not only in the matter of butter-selling) who deserved and would have got the harshest treatment at the hands of Smith, had not Smith been one of those perhaps too charitable persons who will do no man an injury, however richly he may merit it. The Judge, who seems to have heard all that before, suggests to the Jury that Jones and Smith are both very decent fellows, a little carried away by their feelings. The

Jury, who are by this time sick to death of Jones and Smith, think privately that they are both fools, and return a verdict that disappoints the one and is far from satisfying the other.

That evening the papers issue posters:—

"AMAZING LIBEL SUIT."

Not enough of these are sold to please the publishers, who are consequently very cross with the public. That portion of the public which does buy feels itself grossly duped, and is very cross with the publishers. Everyone is, in fact, very cross with everyone else, and does not hesitate to say so. Everyone else is not going to stand such abandoned libel as ensues, and hurries off to his Solicitor, blind with fury. The Solicitor, in a state of unimpassioned but well-feigned disgust at the vileness of humanity, hurries off to Counsel's chambers. Counsel . . .

[Thank you.—Ed.]

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC.

FOR years and years it has been a mystery to me, and I have no doubt to others, where the Post Office get their pencils—those pencils which are of such value that they are chained to the telegraph counter like the nail brushes at a political club not a hundred miles from Northumberland Avenue.

From what mines can such plumbago be excavated—plumbago warranted to make no mark save by intense pressure, and when intensely pressed to break? I have bought pencils at every price in retail shops, but never have I found anything like these. They are, as the dealer said, a unique.

But now I know, for I have met a public official who gave away the secret.

"Yes," he said, "I am a specialist in the impracticable, and as such am adviser to government departments and railway companies. You have heard, of course, of the "Corridor Soap" used on certain lines, the great merit of which is that it "won't wash hands"? Well, I discovered that soap. It took me a long time, but I found it at last. I was paid a handsome commission by several leading companies for putting them up to that secret."

"Indeed," said I.

"Yes," he continued, "and it was I who brought to perfection the post-office pencil. The post-office nib is mine, too, made to my pattern by a well-known firm. Have you noticed the post-office blotting-paper?"

"I have," I said, with a groan.

"Ah!" he resumed, his eye gleaming, "that was a great find. That comes from France."

"From France?"

"Yes, from France. They understand bad blotting-paper there. And the post-office ink," he continued—"you might think that became thick in course of time; but it doesn't. Let me tell you a secret"—and he whispered in my ear. "It begins like that! It's a kind of stirabout from the word Go!"

"No!" I cried.

"I swear it," he said.

FEATS OF FORGETFULNESS.

"CLAUDIUS CLEAR," in the last of his bewitching *causeries* in *The British Weekly*, records a number of feats of memory performed for the most part by defunct worthies. It is some consolation to think that many living luminaries are capable of feats of obliviousness quite equal to, if not surpassing, the exploits so carefully chronicled by the vivacious Claudius.

Thus we have it on the best authority that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is totally



She. "HADN'T WE BETTER DO THE WATER-COLOUR ROOM?"

He. "THAT'S THE WAY TO THE TEA-PLACE, AIN'T IT? WELL, I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT JUST YET."

unable to recall the opinions which he expressed with the utmost conviction, and even passion, little more than three years ago.

LORD ROSEBURY, again, in spite of his notorious sympathy with the afflicted cabmen of London, has pathetically confessed that he never succeeded in memorising the number of a hansom.

Captain Rasher, R.N., although possessed of remarkable literary gifts, is seldom able to recollect what he has committed to paper unless at least twenty fair copies are printed for the use of the First Sea Lord.

The Marquis TOWNSHEND, though care-

fully instructed in the Greek tongue when a boy, is no longer able to repeat even a single page of LIDDELL and SCOTT'S *Dictionary* by heart.

MR. SIDNEY LEE, on one occasion while crossing the Channel in a fog, tried to while away the hours by repeating the whole of SHAKESPEARE'S plays by heart, but broke down in the middle of the Third Act of *Titus Andronicus*.

LORD COURTNEY, at a recent meeting of the Statistical Society, owned with deep contrition that he could no longer repeat the list of Derby winners since the year 1780, in which that classic race was first run.



ARMY NOMENCLATURE.

Instructor. "NOW THEN, NUMBER THREE, WHAT'S A FILE?"

Recruit (after deep thought). "ANY NUMBER OF MEN LESS THAN ONE."

Instructor. "LOOK 'ERE! 'OW MANY MORE TIMES DO YOU WANT TO BE TOLD AS A FILE IS TWO MEN? NOW WHAT'S A DEFILE?"

Recruit (brightening up). "TWO MEN OF D COMPANY!"

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

[Showing how the practice of flying (in others) may unsettle a boy's mind.]

(With apologies to Wordsworth.)

I HAVE a boy of three years old ;
His face is plain as it can be ;
His nose is of the Roman mould,
But—he belongs to me.

One morn we walked in Sheppey's Isle,
For there was nothing else to do,
And prattled in the WORDSWORTH style
Of things both old and new.

My thoughts were in another place :
I thought of Brook Green's pleasant
flats,
Our dear old dog, the porter's face,
The "Saltee" on the mats.

It was the sort of day when one
Could think and think and think and
think ;
The heat was trying, and the sun
Seemed to suggest a drink.

My boy was walking on my right ;
The name I call him by is Jim ;
As there was no one else in sight
I had to talk to him.

The lambs were getting on my mind ;
The heat by now was simply vile ;
"Brook Green," said I, "we've left
behind,
And this is Sheppey's Isle.

"My little lad, which like you best ?"
Said I and shook him for a while,
"Our little flat in London (West)
Or this here Sheppey's Isle ?

"And tell me, would you rather be,
My precious little juvenile,
In Brook Green Mansions (No 3)
Or here in Sheppey's Isle ?"

He, hesitating, looked at me,
Then answered with a happy smile :
"Brook Green's played out ; I'd rather
be
Down here in Sheppey's Isle."

"Look here now, James, is this the
truth ?
My little Jimmy, tell me why."
"I do not know," replied the youth.
"Why, bless my soul!" said I,

"Brook Green is handy and all that,
And suits me almost to a T. ;
Why would you change the little flat
For Sheppey by the sea ?"

At this my poor boy dropped a tear
And made no audible reply ;
Ten times I shouted in his ear,
"Why, Jimmy ? tell me why."

At last he found his tongue again
And thus to me he made reply,
"Cos here I've seen a naryplane,
And that's the reason why."

"When a sheep is seriously cut or otherwise
injured the sheep shall immediately report the
fact to the person in charge of the shed."—
Otago Daily Times.

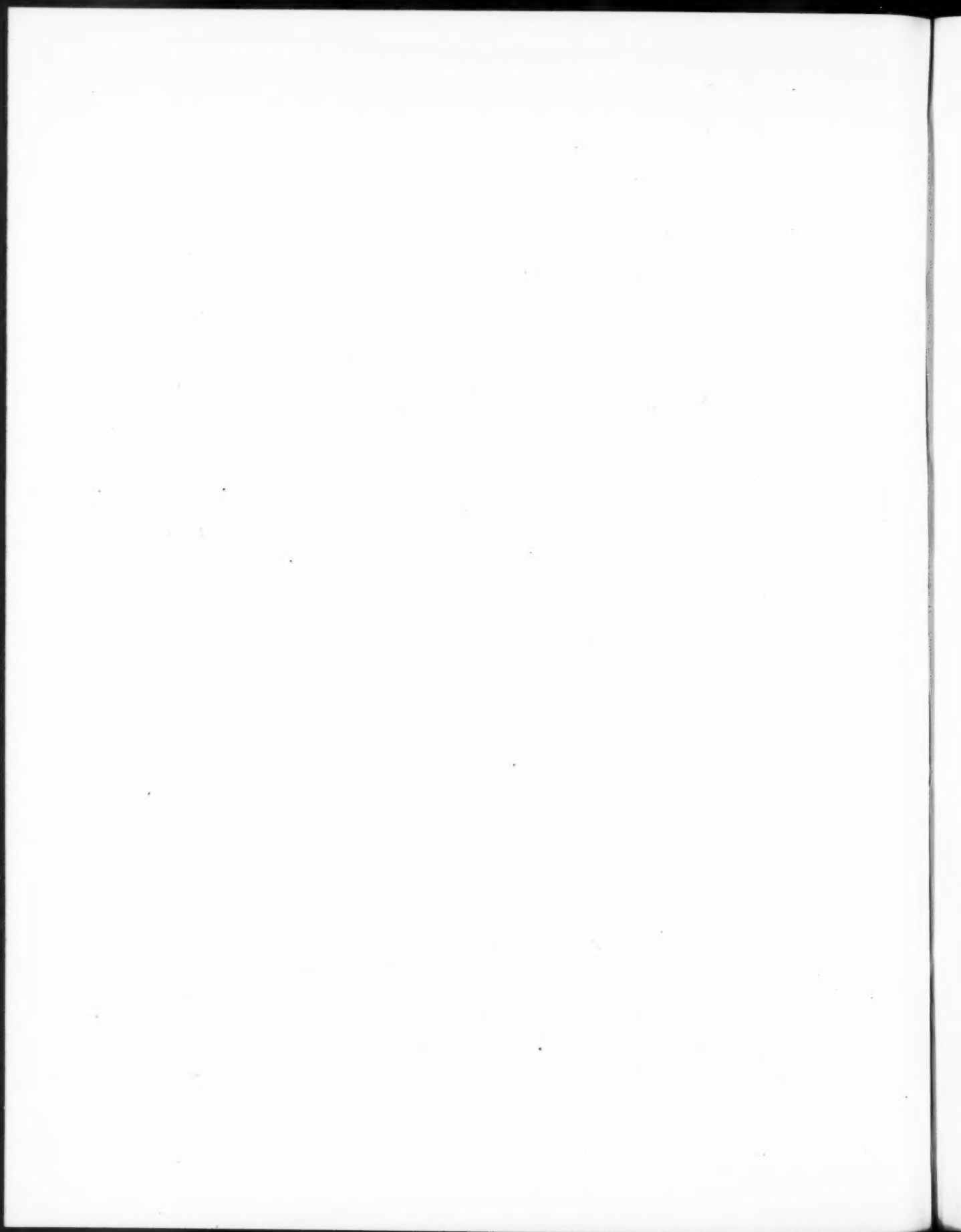
A very smart lot these New Zealand
muttons, and we wish very much that
this class of reporter might have been
included in the invitations to the
Imperial Press Conference.

Owing to the arrival of CARKEEK in
England and the unexpected appearance
of NORNABLE for Derbyshire, a certain
Worcestershire wicket-keeper who is
justly proud of his name has gone green
with envy.

Great Men's Mascots.—I.

"The bearded pard of Master Francis
Drake."—*Bideford Gazette.*





ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 10.—For some vivid moments there seemed prospect of interruption of debate on Budget Resolutions consequent on CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER being haled to Clock Tower, placed on bread and water diet, and permitted to wear Mr. CHAPLIN'S clothes only on Sundays. It was Captain CRAIG who created the scare. Ever on alert, he had observed report of interview conceded by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER to a morning newspaper. In its course CHANCELLOR reported to have said, "Traders who think they are unfairly treated may take one of two courses. They may behave as business men and come to me, or they may behave as politicians and go to Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN."

In this, which he described as "an attempt to intimidate traders sitting on Unionist benches into crawling on their knees to the right hon. gentleman," the gallant Captain perceived a breach of privilege. Fortunately for LLOYD-GEORGE, SPEAKER did not view incident in that serious light. But it serves to show how in the midst of life we run dire risk of being immured in the foulest dungeon of the Castle keep.

Not the only disturbing element in the quiet evening LLOYD-GEORGE promised himself. About half-past eight discovery was made that his place on Treasury Bench was empty. As matter of fact, sole occupant at this moment was the INFANT SAMUEL, "and," as JOYNSON-HICKS remarked with motherly solicitude, "no one to look after it." KIMBER on his legs talking at large on the iniquity of high licences. Not disposed to waste his eloquence and argument on empty Treasury Bench.

"Where is the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER?" he inquired, his roving eye engaged for a moment in attempt to glance under the Table. Evidently



AN ENGLISH BULL.

"I will anticipate a murmur which was raised just now."
(Mr. Sherwell.)

LLOYD-GEORGE wasn't there. In order that search-parties might go forth, KIMBER moved to report progress. BANBURY seconded motion, drawing vivid

picture of the CHANCELLOR lounging in his private room, either receiving deputations or enjoying another interview, whilst "my hon. friend" (KIMBER) was willing and ready to impart the true principles upon which a Budget should be founded. As BANBURY spoke CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER entered, with weak attempt at a smile. Gentlemen opposite not to be trifled with. Explanations and apologies proved unavailing. Division on motion to report progress would occupy a quarter of an hour, would serve to stretch the legs of those who had remained in attendance, and would bring in Members who were selfishly dining. Taken accordingly, and a good half-hour wasted. Then KIMBER resumed his speech where he had left off.

All might have been avoided had Members concerned adopted SHERWELL'S procedure, described in phrase that hugely delighted bored House. Coming to particular turn in prodigiously long speech, he complacently remarked: "Now, Sir, I will anticipate a murmur which was raised just now." LLOYD-GEORGE'S prophetic soul was not equal to the more difficult task of anticipating KIMBER'S murmur before it hurtled through the House.

Business done.—Committee sat up late with Budget Resolutions.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—If the political vulgarians who go about the country shouting "Down with the House of Lords!" were occasionally to look in upon that assembly engaged (without fee) upon the nation's work, they might be disposed to take a juster view of the situation. Day after day noble lords, with exemplary punctuality, meet at a quarter past four. In stately procession, led by BLACK ROD, followed by the Purse-Bearer, the LORD CHANCELLOR approaches the Woolsack and straightway begins that disputation with his full-bottomed wig, which at the present epoch is, if not the most important, certainly the most persistent



"MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME IN CONFLICT WITH HIS WIG."
(The Lord Chancellor.)

procedure during a sitting of the House of Lords. On sultry days in early stages of incumbency of office the original Radical "Bon" REID used to assert himself in the stately person of the LORD CHANCELLOR by casting aside the skirt of his gown and displaying a pair of terrestrial legs.

"And before the Bishops too!" said Mr. J. G. TALBOT with pained voice, regarding the incident from the niggardly pen allotted to Commoners.

Never before in its long history had similar scandal been connected with the Woolsack. Happily it is a thing of the past. Whether a little bird whispered in the LORD CHANCELLOR'S ear J. G. TALBOT'S remark, or whencesoever hint came, it proved effective. Even through the summer solstice the LORD CHANCELLOR'S knees are decently draped; but the wig still nightly suffers.

The LORD CHANCELLOR installed, there follows an interval of a quarter of an hour for private business. This customarily takes the form of whispered conversation among the half-dozen Peers who compose the House. (It is, by the way, a nice and significant calculation that, whereas a quorum in the Commons requires the presence of forty Members, in the Lords three Peers suffice to make a House.) On the stroke of half-past four public business is called on. On an average of two nights a week it is in a state analogous to that of snakes in Iceland. There is none. Whereupon, with extreme gravity, the House adjourns. BLACK ROD and PURSE-BEARER re-appear. The procession from the Woolsack is re-formed, and the LORD CHANCELLOR strides forth, as he goes scattering largesse from an empty Purse.

To-night a prolonged and laborious sitting. No fewer than four Bills dealt with. BRASSEY introduced one providing for registration of firms and persons carrying on business under trade names. Read a first time. Then the LORD CHANCELLOR, rising, withdrew a pace aside from the Woolsack. ONSLOW, Lord Chairman of Committees, popped into the Chair at the Table, and before you knew where you were the Municipal Corporations (Qualification of Clergymen) Bill passed through Committee. LORD CHANCELLOR returned to Woolsack and made up for lost time in conflict with his wig. ONSLOW popped out of the Chair; observing this, PENTLAND, with pretty wit, introduced a Bill prohibiting use of hop substitutes in brewing. Done with you.

Next came HAMILTON of DALZIEL, holding the Electric Lighting Act Amendments Bill in his hand as if it were a torch. Third reading agreed to.

Then, real business of the long sitting grappled with. CAWDOR, dramatically

assuming air of extreme exhaustion, asked how long the Whitsun holidays would last. CREWE, leaning wearily on the Table as if collapse were imminent, replied in hoarse tones that as there was prospect of sitting later than usual in August perhaps they had better take an exceptionally long holiday at Whitsuntide. So he made it a month, less four days.

With gasp of relief the wearied Titan of the Legislature forthwith adjourned at twenty minutes to five, the sitting having lasted ten minutes.

Business done.—Commons sitting till a quarter past two this morning, again pegging away at the Budget.

Thursday.—Budgets, like other curses, sometimes come home to roost. House just now rent by rumour that from Monday next the price of "nips" is to be put up at the various bars. All very



EXTREME EXHAUSTION IN THE LORDS.

"Please, Sir, how long holidays shall we have, Sir?"

(Earl Cawdor.)

well in capacity of legislator to discuss analogous operation of Budget in town and country. But when it comes to a rise of a halfpenny a glass on your own refreshment, it is, as the French say, another pair of sleeves.

Understood that the bar-tenders are expected to extract twenty "nips" from each bottle of spirits retailed. JAMES O'CONNOR, painfully working the sum out, arrives at conclusion that this means an additional charge of tenpence a bottle. This obviously out of proportion to increased Budget tax. Instead of being losers under new order of things, a pampered Kitchen Committee will add to their ill-gotten gains.

This shall not be if JAMES O'CONNOR can help it. Has tabled notice of intention to raise question at earliest opportunity. First impulse was to submit it

as one of urgent public importance and claim to debate it on motion for adjournment. But the SPEAKER habitually discountenances that form of procedure. Will therefore put question to Chairman of Kitchen Committee.

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

THE SECRET OUT.

["It has become known that Herr Richard Strauss is engaged on the composition of a light opera to be called *Sylvia und der Stern* (Sylvia and the Star), the libretto of which is written by Herr Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Although the plot is kept secret, it has transpired that the scene is laid at the end of the 18th century, a period which, it is believed, should lend itself well to light, melodious music and handsome costumes."—*The Times*.]

HERE, at last, perhaps, is the new idea for which Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS is always seeking. How to vary the monotony of the ordinary musical-comedy plot?—that is his problem. He tried foreign backgrounds, he tried stage backgrounds, he now tries shop backgrounds. But here is something far more actual—newspaper and political backgrounds. It is all the fashion now, too. *Sylvia and The Star* is only a beginning, but think how amusing it might be, and how illuminating!

Although the plot is secret (that stuff about the eighteenth century is obviously to put you off the scent) we can tell a little of it. *Sylvia* (Miss GERTIE MILLAR) is the fiancée of a young and rising Conservative (Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, jun.), who, when the curtain rises, is visiting at *Sylvia's* home, where May Day is being kept in the old-fashioned way, with certain new devices introduced by the Smart Set. Among the guests is the editor of *The Star* (Mr. NAINIX) and the chief literary critic of the same paper (Mr. EDMUND PAYNE). *Sylvia's* mother, the Countess of Gloom (Miss CONNIE EDISS), has, it seems, literary aspirations, and she has written a novel which was highly praised in *The Star* under the title *The Renaissance of Nous*. Hence the presence of Mr. EDMUND PAYNE.

What with song, dance and quip, the First Act goes merrily on, ending uproariously in a game of forfeits, the penalty which falls to *Sylvia's* lot being the task of editing *The Star* for a week. Curtain.

In Act II. we find ourselves in *The Star* office, where the fun is fast and furious. *Sylvia*, being all for her husband, and assisted by him, writes astonishing leaders against the Liberals, and receives astonishing visits from, among others, the Prime Minister (Mr. O. B. CLARENCE) and the Chief Liberal Whip (Mr. WALTER PASSMORE). Needless to say all comes right in the end.

So much for the plot. As to the



Jack. "EIE, STEADY ON! THE BLOOMIN' SADDLE'S GONE ASTERN!"

music, we can of course say nothing, but it is significant that an Italian composer only a year or so ago wrote the score of an opera which he called *Martha and the Moon*. Verb. sap.

Sylvia and the Star is doubtless destined to have successors, and indeed we have already heard of librettists getting hard at work on *Gertrude and The Globe*, *Evelyn and The Evening News*, *Polly and The Pall Mall*, and *Winnie and The Westminster*. It is an imitative age.

KINDNESS AND DUMB ANIMALS.

"I'll tell you a story," began Ponker.

"One evening, a certain Mr. Geo. Hartley Bentworth of Cutter Street was going home on the top of a Walham Green 'bus when it got into a block in the Strand. Presently he looked up from his paper and noticed that people all about him were craning their necks to see what was going on further down the street, while an unreasoning panic seemed to have seized all the horses. Evidently something unusual was taking place— But what are you doing?" For Ponker's patient listener was stealing to the door with his tobacco jar, his hair-pin (or smoker's best friend), and the evening paper.

"It's another Invasion story," he said coldly.

"Wrong," retorted Ponker. "But you are right in supposing that I am telling you a story with a purpose. Sit down and be quiet."

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Bentworth of the driver.

"There's an elephant asleep in the middle of the road," said the man, "so we shall have to go round by the Embankment."

(Rather a mild-spoken driver, thought the audience.)

"In consequence of this delay Mr. Bentworth arrived home ten minutes late. In the front garden he came upon the gardener, who was talking to the postman. Both had pale faces, and seemed frightened."

"Anything wrong, William?" asked Mr. Bentworth.

"There's a strange beast in the garden eating the sweet peas," replied William. "Like this;" and he inflated his cheeks and regarded his master with a vicious leer.

"An unprincipled-looking monster," thought Mr. Bentworth; "I should not like to meet him without a gun." Then it occurred to him that William was trying to look like a hippopotamus, and

was succeeding, upon the whole, pretty well.

"So he advised the gardener to buy a penny bun, and lure the animal out by the tradesmen's entrance. Then he went indoors."

"My dear," he told his wife, "I am hot and flurried, so I shall have a bath before dinner."

"Oh! don't," said Mrs. Bentworth, looking up from her drawn-thread work. "There's a crocodile in the bath, and he made such a funny noise when I disturbed him. I don't think he is quite so good-tempered as the last one we had staying with us,—the one that bit the milkman's leg, I mean."

"Mr. Bentworth sighed, and asked what there was for dinner. As if in answer to his question the cook burst into the room, and said:

"Please 'm, I'm sorry, but shall I send out for some cutlets? A catamount has taken the leg of mutton and is worrying it under the dresser. And nurse says has anyone seen Master Freddy?"

"No one had seen Master Freddy. No one ever did see him again."

"Yes?" said a tired voice presently. "Oh! that's all."

Ponker's listener rose and felt his

pulse. It seemed normal. "You said it was a story with a purpose," he complained.

"It is," said Ponker.

"Well, what have you told it me for?"

"My good fellow," explained Ponker, "there are a lot of well-fed people, paying the tax on unearned incomes and wearing hygienic wool, who, because they have nothing to worry about, worry about everything. They have been writing to the papers again to say, 'Sir, surely in this enlightened age the public conscience should revolt against the keeping of wild animals in captivity at the Zoo.'"

"But you know very well they don't mean that the animals should be let loose upon London," expostulated Ponker's kindest critic.

"Then kindly tell me precisely what they do mean."

"Oh! that they should be repatriated, perhaps."

"But many of them are Zoo-born, and as to the others isn't it kinder to feed a rhinoceros with buns than to send it to meet ROOSEVELT in Africa?"

"Well, perhaps the lethal chamber—"

"But that means wanton slaughter, and these people are humanitarians."

"At all events they are quite harmless cranks," said Ponker's listener with an air of finality.

"No cranks are harmless," exclaimed Ponker sternly; "cranks are the bacilli of national degeneracy, and some day, when it is too late, England will wake to the fact, and—"

But Ponker's hitherto patient listener was stealing softly from the room with his tobacco-jar, his hair-pin (or smoker's best friend), and the evening paper.

MY PARTNER.

He missed the put: he missed it clean:
He missed it on the eighteenth green!

When all the fate of all the game
Depended on his careful aim.

The grass, though just a trifle keen,
Was smooth and soft as velvetreen;
Six inches only lay between

The hole and him, but all the same
He missed the put.

And now when I recall the scene,
And think how mad I must have been,
I marvel that I overcame

The sudden impulse to exclaim:
"Confound the Venerable Dean,
He missed the put!"

"About 300 spectators attended the Barnesley Queen's Grounds on Saturday on the occasion of a long knock piggy match for £50."—*Westminster Gazette*.

If any of them have seen *An Englishman's Home* how they must despise the waster who spends his afternoon looking on at a football match.

AT THE PLAY.

"LOVE WATCHES."

"FREDERICK HARRISON and CHARLES FROHMAN present Miss BILLIE BURKE in *Love Watches*." So ran the announcement, suggesting at the start that, in the opinion of these gentlemen, Miss BILLIE BURKE and not the play was "the thing." And, indeed, as far as the play was concerned—a trite farce, described as a comedy, on the hallowed lines of one of the old love-and-jealousy schemes, and adapted from the French into the American—they were well justified. Whether they were equally justified in the matter of Miss WILLIAM BURKE must remain a question of taste, notwithstanding the repeated assurances, on the authority of the book, that *Jacqueline* (the character she played) was "admirable." Miss BURKE has a certain pretti-



LA DONNA È MOBILIE BURKE.

ness and piquancy (or what passes for piquancy in America), and she was extraordinarily vivacious; but her *gamineries* were rather ungainly, and for much of the time she had the air of a *poupée* with springs wound up almost to the snapping point. She was there, of course, to make things hum, but her restless mobility never allowed me to recover from the mental strain which I suffered in trying to make out who was who all through a First Act that seethed with obscure French names, though it had little else of French in it.

Subsequent Acts were relieved by the quiet humour of Mr. ERNEST LAWFORD in the part of another *Ernest*, a lack-love pedant; but the value of the things which were said both by him and about him depended often upon their suggestion of the improprieties which were left unsaid when the original was bowdlerised.

The entrance, early in the play, of

that intelligent actress, Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, inspired hopes of something good and in the English language; but she disappeared after a few seconds, and never recurred. Even so, we saw more of her than of a certain other character described as a dancer and even a "living picture." This lady, a creature of rare promise, whose mere mention suggested the most intriguing possibilities, never appeared at all.

As for the merry widow, *Lucie de Morfontaine*, as played by Miss MAUDE ODELL, I must confess that her fascinations appeared to me to afford an inadequate ground for jealousy on the part of any young wife.

I am assured that Miss GLADYS UNGER's adaptation has had an encouraging success in the U.S.A. If it has, then it only confirms me in the comfortable conviction that the ideals of American humour are not the same as ours.

O. S.

"LIGHT O' LOVE."

Apparently the Actor-Manager system flourishes in Vienna also. *Liebelei* (of which a translation was produced at the Afternoon Theatre last Friday) was, I am almost sure, written to the order of an Austrian Manager, that his wife might have an opportunity to show her genius. Possibly the Manager himself took the part of *Fritz*; improbably, however, as *Fritz* was dead in the Third Act. But in any case it was on *Christine* that all eyes throughout the play were riveted.

Christine, the daughter of a poor musician, was desperately in love with *Fritz*, a gentleman of leisure. Of *Fritz's* feelings for her I cannot speak for certain (that is the weakest point of the play as it was acted), but off the stage he had been pursuing an intrigue with an invisible lady in black velvet. The lady's husband discovered "the letters"; and the inevitable duel was arranged (off the stage). This took place a day or two later (off the stage), and *Fritz* was killed. Meanwhile we had been watching *Christine*.

The First Act, showing a supper party in *Fritz's* rooms, should have been delightful, for besides *Fritz* and *Christine* there were present *Theodor* and *Mizi*, two jolly young people gaily played by Mr. CHARLES MAUDE and Miss MARGARET BUSSÉ. But the tragic demeanour of Mr. HENRY ANLEY overawed us, and we were afraid to laugh.

The Second and Third Acts took place in *Christine's* rooms. Nothing happened, and we saw little of *Fritz*; but various people came on and talked to *Christine* about him—telling her that all men were like that, and that *she* would soon get over it, and that he would come back to her, and that he had been killed, and that he really did love her, and was buried yesterday, and so forth.

And for two Acts we watch her to see how she likes it.

Though much in each Act is excellent, the play is badly balanced as a whole. After the First Act interest dies out in the story, and centres instead on the actress.

It was something of an ordeal for Miss MARGARET HALSTAN, and she came out of it well. In real life I have never seen a woman in agony, so that I cannot say that her performance was unnatural. It was artificial certainly, but under the stress of great emotion people do become artificial. Anyhow, her conception of the part was the correct one. Mr. AINLEY's, I thought, was not. The whole point of the play must have been that *Fritz* was a careless fellow, who had only been amusing himself with *Christine*. "He spoke of you too," says *Theodor*, in describing the last scenes, and *Christine* seizes hysterically upon the "too." Mr. AINLEY, to judge by the way he went on in the Second Act, would have talked of her exclusively. Upon my word, I thought he really loved her. M.

RUS IN URBE.

["Mr. Joseph Fels, the energetic founder of the Vacant Land Cultivation Society, is trying to induce the London County Council to grant the use of vacant land in Aldwych and Kingsway, for conversion into small holdings."—*Daily Express*.]

I've found a spot
Where Cupid might
Have built a cot
For Psyche;
There runs about
The sacred site
A paling stout
And spikey.
Here perfect peace
And quiet reign,
Here mortals cease
From weeping,
Here sorrows flee
And here I fain
Would start with thee
Housekeeping.

Here, nothing loth,
Through life we'd go,
Arcadians both
Together;
You'd cook and dust
And wash and sew
Whilst I discussed
The weather.
You'd milk the cow
With skilful hand,
And see the sow
Had plenty,
While my cigar
Would fill the Strand
With dreams of far
Niente.

If joys so fair
Should lose their zest,



Harold (after prolonged inspection). "HE ISN'T VERY INTERESTIN', IS HE, MABS?"

As folk declare
They will do,
If we grew cross
And felt depressed
And grown with moss
And mildew,
Why, there's the play!
Should Nature pall
We'd leave our gay
Rose-bowers,
The cow we'd tie
Within her stall
And off we'd fly
To ours.

And if there came
Some hap, sweetheart,
Our burning flame
To smother,

If cruel fate
Drove us apart
And made us hate
Each other;
If this should be
(As may it not!)
Just think how we
Should score, love!
Before our eyes
The cure we've got—
The Law Courts rise
Next door, love.

"Alan Marshal's younger brother is nearly as tall as himself."—*The Sportsman*.

We see nothing much in a man's being nearly as tall as himself, but we know at least one cricketer who is a bit above himself.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DOUBTLESS you have in your time said some harsh things about solicitors, but you cannot imagine what nasty remarks other people have made until you read *Leaves of the Lower Branch* (SMITH, ELDER). Mr. CHRISTIAN, a Bachelor of Laws, intent on learning the worst, has read and noted every book in which the word "attorney" occurs. He has unearthed all the unprofessional writings of the Profession, and not a solicitor, whose pen has ever run away from his precedents, has escaped his notice. If at times the humour of the author and his solicitor friends inclines to rotundity (like the humour of all good men of the Law) the reader learns much that he should, but does not, know about a host of writers whose names have been on the Rolls. Indeed, nearly all deceased men of literary note (including an editor of *Punch*) seem at one time or another to have sat upon an office stool and written, "This is the last will and testament of, etc." The book deals thoroughly but pleasantly with the attorney in every trying circumstance—as an author, as a man of importance, as a theme of poetry, and even as an attorney. In it appear Messrs. *Dodson and Fogg* side by side with THEOBALD (attorney and literary critic), Mr. *Baines Carew* with CHARLES JEREMIAH WELLS (attorney and poet); but quite the most delightful of all is the candid Egyptian who practised early in the n.c.'s and described one of the parties to an agreement as "Mr. Blank of Blank, middle height with a poor beard." Every solicitor must, every barrister should, and I hope most laymen will, read the book, if only to learn that the real complaint against solicitors is that, by the misfortune of birth, they are not angels, but mere men.

If it had occurred to the author of *An Incomplete Etonian* (HEINEMANN) to call her new book after herself, instead of after her hero, a good name for it would have been *An Incomplete Grammarian*. Here are samples of her slipshod style: "Everywhere his feet had trodden was the better for his passing;" "she was everything of which Vanessa had no experience and was unable to place;" "he had been too long used to play the cuckoo for him to lightly contemplate building a nest." She shows a marked singularity in her treatment of plurals in -a: she speaks of "this phenomena," and "a different strata;" she says that "the effluvia of dead and rotting things was in his nostrils." Here and there she uses a word in a sense peculiar to herself: confuses *agley* with *agoy* ("he found the trade all agley with a new discovery"); and talks of "those high fallacious hopes integral to his youth." Finally, her punctuation is that of a child who doesn't know the difference between a comma and a semicolon. This illiteracy of manner, almost unbelievable in a writer of "FRANK DANTY'S" experience, sets one against the matter of her book. But anyhow it is not a great performance. She wastes her cleverness (for there are ideas

in the book) over a lot of unattractive people, not easy to realise, and not always worth realising. Two characters, *David* and *Bice*, might have redeemed it, but one dies early and the other remains a mere suggestion.

I don't know whether the book contains portraits of Mrs. FRANKAU's private friends or enemies under assumed names. There is one apparent reference, of a disagreeable kind, to a certain marriage that has made matter for social gossip; and it may well be that some of the superfluous minor characters, of whom we learn particulars that appear to serve no very useful purpose, are drawn from the ranks of her acquaintances. If this be so, she will be wrong to reckon upon a very wide interest, on the part of the public, in personal references of which only a very limited number possesses, or is likely to worry about possessing, the key.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, at the close of twenty years' management, Sir SQUIRE and Lady BANCROFT used the first opportunity of well-earned leisure to write an account of their career. The interest of the public was pleasantly

testified by demand for several editions, a "run" in its way something akin to that of *Caste and School*. The book being out of print, to the joint authors came the happy thought of re-writing it, with addition of the mellower reflections of later years. As now presented, *The Bancrofts* (MURRAY) comprises a record of sixty years. To the charm of its personal qualities is added something in the way of a history of British drama in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The work naturally takes the form of a dialogue. Sometimes the lady speaks, anon the gentleman, who, I regret to observe, though playing fair throughout, has the last word. That both stood in the first rank of their profession is a familiar fact. That both write

well is proved again in the pages of this portly book. It presents a story, simply told, of a strenuous life crowned with rare measure of success. Whilst necessarily indicating the triumphs of its authors, a delicate reserve pervades the narrative, saving it from the deadly sin of self-glorification.

"Hertford is another boat that is making considerable improvement. Several of the crew rowed courses whilst others restricted themselves to a sharp bout from Illey to the Red Post."—*Sunday Times*.

They mustn't forget to meet on the first day of the races.

"Once again Sir Charles Santley appeared to sing 'O ruddier than the Cherry.'"—*Musical News*.

What he actually sang, as distinct from what he appeared to sing, we cannot say. Possibly it was "O ruddier than the rhubarb."

"The picture shows the royal train leaving Dover. It was drawn by the engine which was on show last year at the White City."

Daily Mirror.

A creditable performance. For the moment we almost thought it was a photograph.



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